

## FIVE FRIDAYS

Indeed a  
Cheerful  
Tale

By FRANK R. ADAMS

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## CHAPTER X—Continued.

I explained in words of one syllable that I had not called him because I did not know where he was, had a sore throat, was under physician's orders not to call any one, my mother had trained me not to yell at strangers, and, besides, I never did any calling except on Thursdays.

Vida pointed her finger at me for shame, the way children do, and led him away before I could think of anything more.

"Ned says," she smiled at me as they went on up the beach, "that heaven is a place where there are no dramatic critics."

"You tell him for me," I retorted, "that he knows more about heaven now than he ever will from actual experience—unless," I added, "the girl he is engaged to actually marries him."

She waved her thanks and trotted on at the fat magazine man's side. Yes, I said fat. There was something about him that was annoyingly fat, possibly his intellect. In figure he was no more fat than I am, but some way his avoirdupois haunted itself flagrantly.

I disliked Mr. Clair so thoroughly and heartily for a few minutes that I nearly forgot what I was standing in the lake for. I gathered up my clams and went back to the house. With criminal caution I went in the back way, so that no one would see what I had brought, and built a fire in the long unused stove. In getting those bivalves to loosen up I ruined two hatchets, a can opener, a thumb and an already frazzled tem.

Lucile came downstairs while I was in the kitchen, but she did not come out where I was. I heard her asking some one in the living room, "Who left the telephone off the hook?"

There was a mumbled reply in the voice of Captain Perkins which I did not catch. Lucile apparently put the receiver back in its place, because presently the telephone bell rang, and she answered it.

"No," I heard her say. "Mr. Clair is not here." Then, after a pause: "No, Miss Dunmore isn't here either. Who shall I say called? Oh, you don't wish them to be notified? Very well." There was a click as of the receiver being placed on the hook.

I came in from the kitchen. Lucile greeted me pleasantly enough when I asked her how she had enjoyed her nap.

"I don't think I've been asleep," she denied. "I just rested, that was all."

I did not tell her that I did not believe her.

"Your mother called up," I said briefly.

"Called up?" Lucile repeated. "How could she?"

"From Huntingdon's Island," I explained and went on to tell what I knew of Mrs. Green's experience.

"She had no right to frighten me so," Lucile exclaimed; also Lucile selfishly disregarded my sufferings; also those of Bopp. His emotions, I imagine, were chiefly confined to his digestive apparatus, but I suppose they must be classed as sufferings just the same.

I pointed out to Lucile that her mother had escaped only by a miracle.

"What possessed her to do such a thing?" Lucile was as petulant as a half awakened child.

"I had a brother once who used to walk in his sleep. There was a zebra that—"

I interrupted Captain Perkins. "Your mother was scarcely responsible," I said.

"My brother was that way," chimed in the real estate captain. "You never could tell where you could find him nights. But the time that the zebra bit him was the curiousest, I allow."

"The zebra bit him?" Lucile's interest was aroused.

The captain settled himself to tell his favorite tale, but did not get started because Vida breezed in with a rather shamefaced Clair in tow.

She came directly to me.

"I'll take that ring, please," she said. "Do you really want it?"

"Certainly. I am entitled to wear it."

"Of course she ought to have your ring," urged Lucile. "That one will do until you can get her something else. May I congratulate you, Miss Dunmore?"

"Has Mr. Blainey told you about it?" Vida asked, naturally surprised that a third party should take an interest in a jesting wager.

"He didn't need to," Lucile smiled.

With Clair present I could hardly explain that Miss Dunmore had won my ring because she had made him propose to her. Thus I allowed myself to be misunderstood once more.

I retired as gracefully as possible to the kitchen, to be followed there shortly by Lipton S. Clair.

"May I speak with you alone?" he demanded cautiously, looking first right and then left like a stage villain. "You will never see me more lone some than in your company," I returned, stirring my clams.

"Have you ever been engaged?" He actually blushed as he said it.

"Why, yes"—I was inclined to be reminiscent—"chronically. I've been engaged ever since I was about sixteen years of age. Do you care to listen to the history of my romances?"

"No, no," he reiterated, "not now. What I want to ask," he began hastily, choked by emotion and one of my collars, which was a quarter size too small for him, "is how do you break off an engagement?"

"You have me there. I never broke off an engagement in my life. Some one else always broke my engagements for me."

"You mean you were jilted?"

"That's a short, ugly word," I mused, tempted to put him in with the clams, "but 'twill pass—aye, it will serve."

"But I am afraid I won't be jilted," said Clair thoughtfully. "You see, I am a very desirable match."

I bowed and picked up a piece of cord wood.

He went on obliviously: "I am a woman hater. The ornamental sex has no place in the world of a man of genius. All my life I have escaped, and here on a bleak, inhospitable island, where there are only two women, I am trapped by one of them."

"I take it that you are engaged to Miss Dunmore," I hazarded.

"Practically," he retorted glumly. "She trapped me into a sort of pro-



"I am afraid I won't be jilted," said Clair.

posal. I didn't know what I was saying."

"And she accepted you?"

"Not yet," he replied, "but there is no hope; she will. I don't suppose she has met many men of culture among her associates, and I imagine I am a novelty to her."

"Man, I said admiringly, 'you'd be a novelty to any girl.'"

"Thank you," said he absently. "But what can I do now?"

CHAPTER XI.

"I Loved Her So."

"HY," I explained innocently to Clair, "when you get on the mainland you get a marriage license, and un-

less you prefer a church wedding I would suggest that you hunt up the justice of the peace and get it over with. I don't believe in long engagements myself."

I was perfectly willing to tease this pedantic braggart. We owed him something for that fastidious article anyway.

"But I don't want to marry any one," he cried. "I must not sacrifice my career to romance and sentiment. I belong to the world. There must be a way out."

"If you don't want to marry Miss Dunmore, why did you arouse the spark of passion in her innocent breast?" I demanded.

"I don't know," He writhed in mental anguish. "I didn't dream that I was even being agreeable to her."

"Some women are more attracted by indifference than by attention," I comforted. "Others are fascinated by downright brute violence."

"I suppose there must be some charm about me that I did not dream of," he mused modestly. "Don't you think she

could forget me if she did not see me for a long while?"

"I'm afraid," I sighed, "that, having once met you, no girl could ever forget you."

"Come now," he said sharply, trying to detect a smile on my face; "it isn't as bad as that. If I could get away and write her a letter saying that I had been taken down with some illness and could not as a dying man hold her to her promise, that would solve the difficulty."

"Rather a nifty idea," I commented, "but as a novelist you must know that the heroine always dies to the bedside of the stricken hero and nurses him back to life. There is no use. Miss Dunmore would not allow you to die."

"No, I suppose not." He abandoned this scheme reluctantly. Another thought brightened him. "The getting away part of it is all right. If I did that I could get put in jail or something like that where she couldn't possibly see me. While I was there I could write an article on prison reforms."

I heartily indorsed this scheme. The idea of seeing him in prison appealed to me personally. The colossal blindness of a concealed fathead like that trying to get away from a charming, sweet young girl like Vida alienated him from human consideration.

He mused a moment. "I'll do it," he exclaimed. "If I don't show up, mum's the word."

"You can't get away," I reminded him. "There's no boat."

"I forgot to tell you that I am the champion swimmer of the Brooklyn Athletic club. I think I saw some bathing suits hanging up in the shed. With one of those on it will be child's play to me."

Strangely cheered, he let himself out the back way and left me to the silence of my clams.

I left the clams to their own devices for awhile and went back to the living room. Vida was there idly taking impressions from my seal ring on some soft kneaded rubber that lay on Lucile's desk. Lucile herself was not in sight. The captain and the best cook who ever ran a marine engine were sunk deep in the gloom which surrounds the nonreading man when cut off from his kind and his employment.

"Well," said Vida when I stood over her like an accusing judge, "what have I done now? Shouldn't I play with this rubber this way?"

"You know what you've done," I said sternly. "You trapped Lipton S. Clair into proposing to you."

"There's nothing wrong about that," Vida protested. "How do you suppose any man ever proposes? You have to trap them. Were you under the impression that adult males went around looking for a chance to pay for some one else's board and millinery and hosiery and all that sort of thing? No, sir; the masculine mind is very wary. That's why we women have to be so much brighter than the men. It's a case of self preservation."

"He's afraid you meant it. He's going to try to swim to the mainland in order to get away."

"What! Swim to the mainland?"

"Yes. He's a woman hater."

"Good heavens! He must not do that," Vida was genuinely concerned. "You might tell him that you are engaged to some one else. That might reassure him."

"I will," Vida got up determinedly and went to the door. "Which way did he go?"

"Right down to the shore, I think," I said. "He seemed a trifle dazed, though, and might have wandered."

"Funny thing," interjected Captain Perkins, "the way a feller will wander sometimes. My brother, he used to walk in his sleep. I was goin' to tell you where the zebra bit him that time."

"Yes," said Vida eagerly, "tell us where the zebra bit him."

"You'll have to hurry to catch him," I interrupted, "or it will be too late."

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello. This is Blainey. Is Clair there?"

"No, he's not here now."

"Then let me speak to Miss Dunmore."

"She isn't here either," I explained.

"Oh, they're out walking together again, I suppose," said my namesake sarcastically.

"No, not walking," I said; "swimming."

"What? At this time of night?" he yelled. "Not both of them? Vida can't swim!"

"Maybe he is teaching her how," I suggested. I didn't know of any reason why I should ease his mind anyway. A little jealousy would be good for him.

"Oh!" He took the blow like a man. Then I heard him say faintly, "Good-by," and I hung up the receiver.

Lucile confronted me when I turned around. "Do you know where Tooties is?"

"No, I don't know where she is," I replied, with strict adherence to the truth. "Isn't she here?" I added guiltlessly.

"No, and I'm dreadfully worried. There are so many strange people in the house that some one may have let her out, not knowing how careful we are with her. She might get lost and starved or get her feet wet and have pneumonia, or a hawk might carry her off."

At this moment the unspeakable Bopp entered. He made a great show of weariness, dragging his feet as if they were too heavy to lift.

"Have you seen her?" demanded Lucile.

"No," Bopp said wearily. "I've tramped all over the island again and again. There's no ravine, no gully, no bush that I haven't investigated. She must have left the island."

"She can't swim!" moaned Lucile. "Her little legs are too short, and her fur would get in her eyes."

"What!" he yelled. "Fur get in her eyes?"

"Tooties is lost," I threw in by way of explanation.

"Tooties?" said Bopp, bewildered. "I've been looking for Mrs. Green."

"Oh, she's been found," Lucile explained.

"When?"

"Oh, hours and hours ago. She telephoned Mr. Blainey. She got in Mr. Kent's rowboat and was blown to a nearby island."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FINDS BULLETS IN THE BODY

Electro Magnet, Proves of Value in Canadian Hospitals Along the Lines of Battle.

A sound "very much like the whistle of a steamboat" in a stethoscope placed on the patient's skin in the manner in which an electro magnet tells the position of a bullet in a wounded soldier's body, according to Surgeon General Fotheringham of the Canadian army medical service.

The new magnet has been found to be of great value in a large number of the Canadian hospitals in the battle zones, as with it the exact location of any electro magnetic substance, including the German bullet, can be determined. An easily discernible vibration is set up by the magnet when the bullet is not deep-seated.

In cases of deeply imbedded bullets the electro magnet is placed on one side of the patient's body and a stethoscope is moved about on the side opposite the magnet. The nearest point to the foreign body is indicated by the "steamboat whistle" and the skin is marked at that point. The operation for extracting the bullet follows.

## Salvage Corps at Battle Front.

According to the systems now established in modern warfare, it is stated by a war correspondent, a salvage corps is daily going over all the ground near the battle front exposed to fire, and is gathering all the debris discarded by the contending armies. None of the scrap is neglected, with steel worth one shilling to one and one-half shillings per pound, and copper and other metals in proportion. All the metals are taken to shops in the rear, and there worked into the various munitions that a modern army uses.

All the lead that is fired is practically lost, as a bullet traveling at a velocity of 2,000 feet or more per second buries itself so deep into any object it hits as to be lost entirely. Other metals, however, such as tangled steel from wrecked motor cars, large pieces of shells, bits of copper, pieces of aluminum, etc., are carefully collected and later turned into usable condition.

## How Bombs Are Dropped.

The bomb-dropping mechanism of a Zeppelin captured by the British was described in a recent number of the London Sphere. There are 60 bomb droppers for content bombs. The base is slung in straps, and there is a strap around the neck. The latter has a releasing hook, and when the hook is operated the small end first drops down and the base slides out of its straps. The bomb then rights itself and drops base downward. The bombs are slung in one or two lines along the under side of the mail hull. The releasing hook is operated by an electromagnet, and there is a small switch-board in the cabin for controlling the release. Each bomb has a separate switch. The bombs can be released by hand levers also in case the electric means fail. Each bomb has a safety device and is not "alive" until it has dropped several hundred feet.

## Salt to Clean Dress.

Clean soiled light cloth garments by rubbing them with hot salt. Afterward brush well with a clean brush and dampen and press if necessary.

## How Could There Be?

"H'm—No parking? Well, I reckon not! There ain't a tree or bench in sight anywhere!"

WOMAN'S NERVES  
MADE STRONGBy Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

## REALLY SEEMED ONLY WAY

Smith's Idea Was Bright Enough if the Horse Would Only Do His Part in the Game.

John Smith bought a horse. The first Sunday after the purchase he and his bosom pal harnessed the horse to a trap and went into the country on a fishing trip. At the shore of the lake they unharnessed the horse and let it loose while they fished.

Presently the sun began to go down, and Smith and pal decided to get ready for the return journey. They caught the horse, and Smith began to harness it. But here they met a difficulty. The horse wouldn't open its mouth for the bit.

They tried every means they could think of, but still the stubborn animal stood with closed mouth, placidly watching them.

At last Smith sat on the ground and began to tell jokes—horrible, moth-eaten jokes, that Adam would have thought chestnuts.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Smith's pal.

"Trying to get the beast to yawn," said Smith.

## Milk and Water.

Bilkins had bought his cow now about a week, and asked a friend over to give his opinion on the purchase.

The visitor arrived and was shown into a room to wait, and commenced chatting to Bilkins, Jr.

"How much milk does your cow give a day?"


"Bout eight quarts, sir."

"And how much of that do you sell?"

"Bout twelve quarts, sir."

Collapse of Bilkins, coming in the door.



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is all right—  
**ECONOMY PRACTICE**  
is better.   
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is an economy drink—absolutely no waste. Besides, it is convenient, saves fuel and sugar, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of flavor.  
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